

# THE KEYSTONE

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO  
WOMEN'S WORK

1899

LOUISA B. POPPENHEIM, Proprietor and Manager  
MARY B. POPPENHEIM, Editor



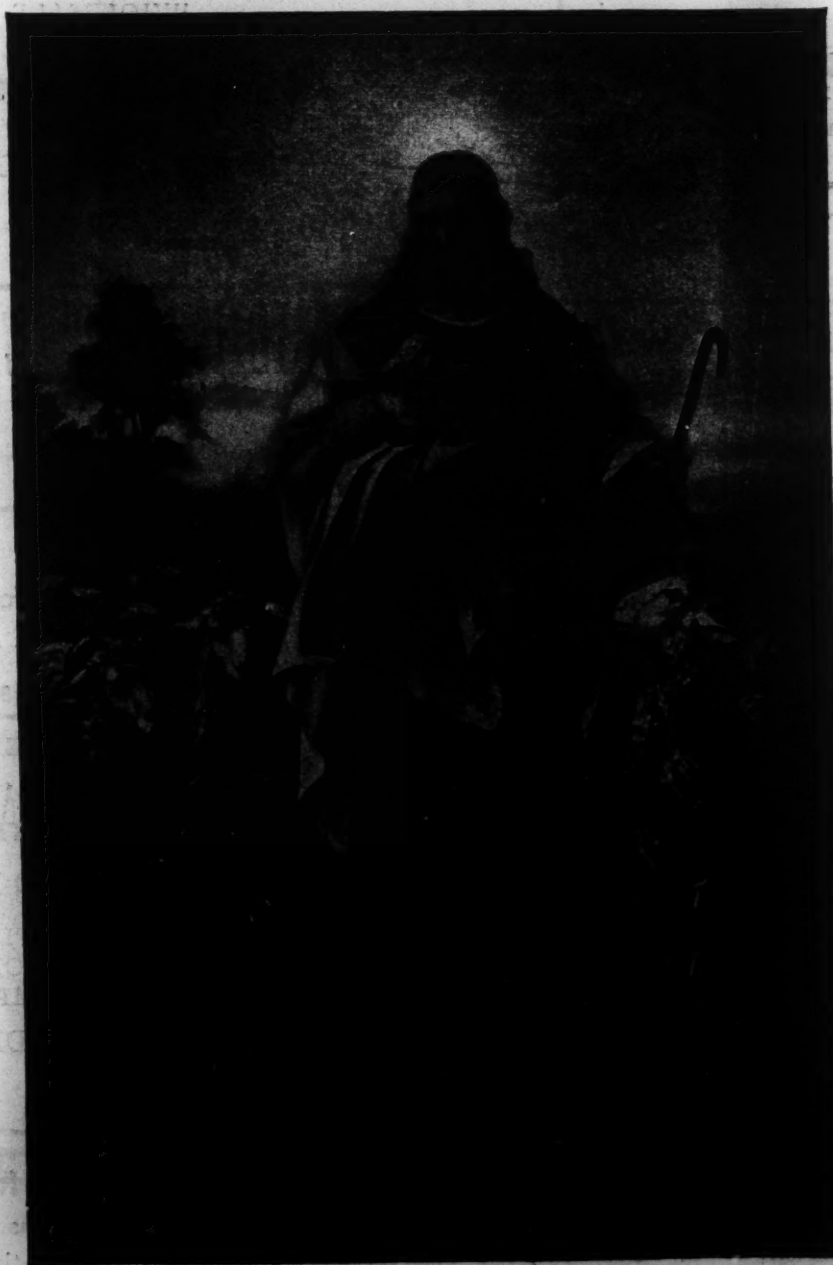
Vol. VII

CHARLESTON, S. C., OCTOBER, 1905

No. 4

Official Organ for the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, 1899. 2,700 members.  
Official Organ for the South Carolina Audubon Society, 1900.  
Official Organ for the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs, 1902.  
Official Organ for the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, 1902. 750 members.  
Official Organ for the South Carolina Division of United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1903. 1,700 members.  
Official Organ for the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs, 1904. 800 members.

Entered at postoffice, Charleston, S. C., as second-class matter.



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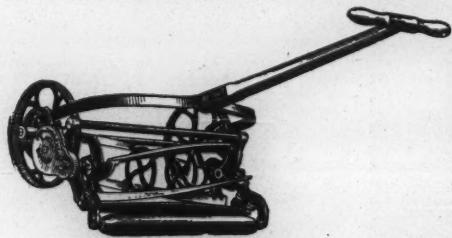


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### Editorials.

THE October *Keystone* has been delayed because of the absence of both editors in Europe. The November issue will follow this one shortly and our readers will receive their December number on time.

WITH the golden days of October comes the reassembling of families, clubs, associations and communities. During the summer idleness we have many of us wandered afar and are now returning to that most blessed spot of earth—Home—to tell of our varied experiences, to bring new enthusiasm, new inspiration and new suggestion to the various circles with which we are identified. Mind, soul and body have been influenced by the change from the usual routine of life, and who of us but does not feel that with these changes of scene have also come broader possibilities of mind and deep capabilities of soul.

With what interest have we watched in a strange environment to us the wonderful similarity in mankind. Different races may have many superficial differences, but there seem to be certain emotions which are common to them all, certain situations which appeal to them all! Home, mother, father, child, and native land still reign supreme in every land. Here and there a deviation from the normal in some eccentric community only helps to heighten the effect of the universality of these sentiments. Here a strong militarism modifies life, there a keen sense of artistic enthusiasm causes a slight swerve from the center; again the wonderful beauty of nature may draw the people forever in the open, but in the end the ebb and flow of these temporary conditions serve only as a contrast to the permanency of certain human relations. The church, the home, the family circle and patriotism are a part and parcel of man's existence. Those of us who give any thought to these things need not fear for their permanency, and those of us who are guarding their interests must realize that we are working with great natural laws assisting us. A wise and overruling Providence has planted the love of them so deeply in the human heart under every sky that no human agency can uproot them. Thus our wanderings from home have taught us a greater faith in humanity and a brighter hope for its future.

IT is the privilege of the official organ of a woman's organization to talk on all subjects pertaining to woman's welfare and recognition, and to rejoice when steps are made along lines of progress in the work. Woman's work is so much a part and parcel of the world's work that whatever dignifies and ennobles her position rebounds to the benefit of the world. Who of us does not remember that fifteen or twenty years ago the term *female* was constantly used in connection with any special organization, institution or undertaking planned or executed by or for women. There were *female* schools and colleges, *female* doctors, and just last year there was celebrated in Concord, N. H., the *Centennial* of the New Hampshire *Female* Cent. Institute. It may sound strange to our ears now, and we may not exactly grasp what it means, but we rejoice that this vague use of the adjective is passing away. Chas. Dudley Warner, in an address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Vassar College fifteen years ago, made an admirable plea for the elimination of this adjective

in connection with woman's endeavors and organizations.

The correlative adjective male in connection with man's work has long since passed away, but now-a-days we occasionally have a flickering appearance here and there of *female* as applied to woman. Those who rejoice in a discriminating and well-selected vocabulary do not overwork a word, and in selecting an expression to carry a thought, we should choose what will convey the idea in the clearest and most convincing form. *Female* is applicable to the whole animal kingdom, expresses sex and is generic; *woman* is specific, expresses the highest type of the animal kingdom and has come to mean more than mere sex. The word *woman* carries with it the suggestion of a moral and spiritual force which should be uplifting in its influence. Those who do not use the terms male and female in connection with the human race to-day may be purists, but they mean to imply that something more is expected of our race now than mere sex. Man and woman occupy a very different place from male and female, and so the ethics of the plea for the elimination of those two adjectives from our speech in connection with mankind should appeal to all.

THE much vexed question of club programs has received a wonderful solution recently through the aid and co-operation of the Bureau of Civic Co-operation. Civic progress must make splendid strides by reason of the plan arranged for in this Bureau. They have prepared extensive and comprehensive outlines for programs on the topics suggested by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, such as Civics, Forestry, Child Labor, Civil Service Reform, Education, Library, etc., and following the idea of the General Federation, have suggested the setting aside of one month for the consideration of each special topic. This Bureau's programs for the months are as follows: October, Civics; November, Education; December, Household Economics and Pure Food; January, Civil Service Reform; February, Legislative; March, Industrial and Child Labor; April, Forestry and Tree Planting; May, Art; June, Library Extension. The programs are full and well developed, offering suggestions for several meetings and the idea of a universal co-operation of all interested in Civic Betterment, such as women's literary and philanthropic clubs, men's Church and Literary Clubs, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, the press and the pulpit during one month for each topic will doubtless create a public opinion which must be felt.

Printed matter on all these subjects can be secured from this Bureau, and its efforts are already being rewarded by a wonderful and widespread interest in Civic Betterment. Mr. E. G. Routzahn, the secretary of the Bureau, 5711 Kimbark avenue, Chicago, Ill., will be glad to furnish any further details on this subject and invites correspondence from clubs or individuals interested in these topics.

THE United Daughters of the Confederacy are in annual session in San Francisco, California, as *The Keystone* goes to press. Through the courtesy of one of the South Carolina delegation to California the November *Keystone* will have a full account of the proceedings of the convention. The meeting promises to be a most interesting one.

And again let me express to you the pleasure each issue (*The Keystone*) affords me. It is just what we need. Success and long life to it—CAROLINE S. Z. HUBER, Tampa, Florida.



## OFFICIAL CLUB NEWS.

For the State Federations of Women's Clubs of South Carolina, Mississippi, North Carolina and Florida.  
(This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.)

## SOUTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Address all communications for South Carolina to the Editor, The Keystone, Charleston, S. C., *Manager*.

President—Mrs. W. K. Sligh, Newberry, S. C.  
Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. E. Sirrene, 328 Main St., Greenville.  
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Julius M. Visanska, 2 Bull Street, Charleston, S. C.

70 Clubs—2,700 Members.

THE NEW CENTURY CLUB, Johnston, S. C., closed the year's work with a Domestic Science meeting. There were recitations and readings on the subject, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

As our meeting fell so near the July 4th, patriotic songs were also sung. A practical demonstration was given in the beautiful dining room of our charming hostess, Mrs. J. H. White. The decorations were in the national colors. Our thoughtful hostess had provided favors for each guest in the shape of a unique note book and pencil ornamented with red, white and blue, and containing names of officers and members.

Each one present was called on to give the recipe for the dish she had prepared.

Practical questions and answers were given, while we sat around the beautifully decorated and well-filled table. With the numerous notes taken, we are sure the home folks will fare better because of the Domestic Science meeting.—*Two members.*

## MISSISSIPPI FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Address all communications for Mississippi to Mrs. Ed. C. Coleman, Kosciusko, *Manager*.

President—Mrs. Robt. E. Jones, Crystal Springs.  
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Blanche Alexander, Kosciusko.  
Recording Secretary—Mrs. R. J. Harding, Jackson, Miss

28 Clubs.

**A**FTER repeated ineffectual attempts to rouse the interest of the Mississippi club women in traveling libraries, the perseverance of the State committee in charge of this work was rewarded at the last annual convention of the Federation. Perhaps no departmental work was discussed at greater length on that occasion than traveling libraries, and the spirit of inquiry manifested by delegates from the various clubs regarding ways and means for collecting and circulating these libraries was strong evidence that the discussion had produced the desired effect of revealing to the club women the importance and grand possibilities of the traveling library movement as an educational factor. Several clubs have pledged themselves for both books and money, and present indications vindicate the belief that Mississippi will soon take rank with her sister States in library enterprise.

The recent donation from the Memphis *News-Scimitar* to the Mississippi Federation of a well selected traveling library in uniform binding inspires the library workers with renewed hopefulness. Such recognition from a leading Southern journal of the efforts being put forth to establish a library system in our State is highly appreciated by the entire Federation, and gives to the work a most encouraging outlook.

Clubs that have never undertaken the collection of a traveling library will be surprised at the facility with which

the task is accomplished. Some of the methods usually adopted are contributions by club women from their private libraries, soliciting aid from philanthropically inclined friends and acquaintances in books, periodicals or money, and by giving Book Receptions, at which are furnished a light program and refreshments. Guests are requested to bring books or magazines as admission fee. Well preserved second hand books are acceptable.

These libraries collected to meet the demands of readers of diversified ages and tastes, should be composed of juvenile books, illustrated Bible stories, magazines and other periodicals to attract young readers. Also histories, biographies, poems, religious works, and books and magazines bearing on domestic science and floriculture. Entertaining reading matter for the many weary mothers in isolated rural homes must be supplied, for this class of our population appeals strongly to club women. Avoid putting any literature of doubtful moral tendency in these libraries. A large percentage of the readers will probably be country boys and girls whose characters will be molded by their reading at the formative period of their lives.

Art clubs are co-operating with the library workers by sending out collections of photographs and prints with the books, and these pictures have been so highly appreciated and enjoyed that several States are planning for the enlargement of this department of work, which promises to aid materially in advancing Art education.

After securing the books for a library, a suitable packing case can be constructed by any mechanic of ordinary ability at a cost of about \$1.50, or possibly less if unpainted. A simple model is a substantial box 36 by 24 inches, and 8 inches deep, with a division in the middle, a top with hinges and lock, and two cast iron handles on the sides. This box can be turned on end and used for a library case after reaching its destination, the division in the center serving as a shelf, and the top as a door. A case of these dimensions will hold fifty medium size volumes, with space for a few magazines, etc.

The number of books in different traveling libraries vary according to the financial and numerical strength of the clubs sending them out; usually there are from thirty-five to fifty in those containing books for general readers, and from fifteen to thirty for study clubs. It has been proposed that our clubs begin the collection of a few of the latter class of libraries for club interchange, on Art, Domestic Science, Household Economics, and other subjects that may suggest themselves as conducive to culture.

Each club enlisted in the library cause will be asked to appoint a committee on traveling libraries, to act with the State committee. With this assistance the work will soon be under systematic administration. Thirty-four States of the General Federation have traveling libraries, with a total number of 4,655. Among our Southern States deserving of special mention are North Carolina, supporting 63, South Carolina, 91, and Tennessee, 89.

Mrs. Decker, the president of the General Federation, suggests that the Mississippi Federation adopt traveling library work as the keynote of its work for the ensuing club year and concentrate our efforts on that.

This is generally conceded to be the only practical line



of work upon which our Federation can unite at present, and a small beginning is all that is needed to make it a most interesting work for our club women.

MRS. C. L. ANDERSON,  
State Chairman Traveling Libraries Committee, Kosciusko.

DURING THE RECENT session of the Mississippi Chautauqua at Crystal Springs a delightful meeting of local and visiting club women was held at the hospitable cottage of the State president of our Federation, Mrs. R. E. Jones, at which plans were discussed looking to the arrangement for a Woman's Club Day in the Chautauqua program for the next season.

The consensus of opinion was for a morning program of music and papers or short addresses by the club women of the State, an informal afternoon reception and one address at the evening meeting by some good speaker from among club women elsewhere, the expenses of the speaker to be paid by the Chautauqua management.

The plan will be submitted to the Executive Committee and the next Federation Convention for approval. This is a golden opportunity for the dissemination of club interest to those outside our ranks and one that will cost the Federation absolutely nothing, not to mention the delights that will accrue to the club women themselves and the enthusiasm which their coming together always arouses.

Those in attendance at the meeting were Mrs. Carrie Ramsey of the Hazelhurst Club, Mrs. Wm. R. Wright of Jackson, Mmes. Wright and Waddell, representing Jackson Council of Daughters of Veterans, Mmes. Jones, Dampeer, Fultz and others of the Crystal Springs Club, and Mrs. W. H. Reaben and your correspondent of the Crescite Club of McComb, in all fourteen members.

MARY A. FLY, McComb.

OUR CLUB WOMEN will be interested we think in the following extract from a letter from Miss Epsie Patterson, the first graduate among the beneficiaries of our Scholarship fund:—

"At present I am teaching a little country summer school with twenty on roll. My winter school is one of the best in the county. I was teaching there when I received the good news that I could return to college through the assistance of the women's clubs.

You cannot know how much that message meant to me—a girl working for means to return to school. You know how much they have helped me since in dollars and cents, but you can never count up the good it has brought me to go back to the sweet associations of college life. I cannot express how thankful I felt toward the club women when I received my diploma.

My one ambition now is to become a helper.

I hope to make a physician of myself, for I'm sure that in that way I can be a true helper to mankind. Meanwhile I shall do my best with what means I already have, and intend to pass on a part of what you have passed to me by helping to educate my other sisters and little brother. I shall have two sisters in college at Columbus next year, one of them at my own expense. The other is going to work her way through. The letters of encouragement that Mrs. Ezell and Mrs. McRaven wrote me during my school days I shall ever hold in remembrance and shall never forget the kindness showered on me.

God bless all your undertakings.

Sincerely,

EPSIE PATTERSON.

THE NEW CENTURY CLUB of West Point, Miss., will begin the study of the History, Art and Literature of the United States. The members are considering whether it is best to donate a fountain to the city or buy more books for their club library. For the last five years they have been adding to the library each year some standard set of reference books on the course of study, thinking that in time it might be the nucleus of a public library. They now have a collection of 250 books and a handsome book case. Mrs. W. C. White keeps it in her sitting room and her daughter is librarian.

## A Matter of Health

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### NORTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Address all communications for North Carolina to Mrs. T. M. Pittman, Henderson, N. C.

President—Mrs. J. T. Alderman, Henderson, N. C.  
Recording Secretary—Miss Margaret L. Gibson, Wilmington, N. C.  
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. Hill Parham, Henderson, N. C.  
28 Clubs—750 Members.

THE N. C. FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S clubs will hold their fourth convention at Charlotte, May 1, 2 and 3. THE WOMAN'S CLUB of NEWBERN has joined the Federation. We extend them a glad welcome.

### CHAIRMAN of Departments:—

Library Extension—Mrs. Sol Weil, Goldsboro.  
Education—Miss Mary Petty, Greensboro.  
Village Improvement—Mrs. D. M. Ansley, Statesville.  
Art—Miss Isabel Swain—Greensboro.  
Music—Mrs. Clarence R. Brown, Greensboro.  
Reciprocity—Mrs. G. W. Whitsett, Greensboro.  
Public Charities—Mrs. A. L. Coble, Statesville.  
Child Study—Mrs. R. R. Cotten, Bruce.

THE CHAIRMAN OF VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT wishes to call the attention of club women to the meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 4, 5 and 6, of the American Civics Association, which has a membership of fifteen hundred.

Also she suggests that each federated club select some one location in their town and improve it by planting shrubs, trees, vines, hedges, etc.; that some special day be set apart for this planting, all members aiding. Public school grounds, town squares, library sites, hospital, and church grounds and factory settlements are suggested for improvement.



Each federated club president is requested to apply to Dr. Lewis, of Raleigh, for the health reports edited by State authority.

IT MAY SERVE for the encouragement of any who are disheartened at the difficulties in the way of making our towns clean and beautiful, if a little piece of the experience of one club be told here. This club had a V. I. Committee, selected because they possessed both beauty and social popularity, combined with zeal and industry—qualities thought most necessary in bombarding that thick crust of insensibility and indifference to existing conditions in one of the ugliest, dirtiest towns in the State. This committee smilingly interviewed the city fathers and leading citizens, and were as smilingly received. Promises were given and believed; reiterated and broken. At the end of two years the discouraged committee reported to the club that they had failed except that the sidewalks were somewhat cleaner; that the public buildings, inside and outside, were still disgraceful, and that one U. S. official had refused to better his building in any way and had, moreover, treated them discourteously.

They were praised by the club for what they had tried to do and encouraged to try once more.

Now the courthouse and grounds especially needed a Hercules. Grass once grew in the square; but the ashes and cinders that overspread it, flatly and in cones, gave it the semblance of the crater of an extinct volcano, with many monticules. A large, three-story negro tenement contributed more than its share of vegetable and animal waste, while goats wandered at will through unhinged gates and broken fences, and the odor of this temple of justice spread for blocks in all directions.

One woman determined to attack along a new line. So one day when court was in session and her husband, after a long and tiresome trial of a case, came home and bent down to receive his usual kiss, she exclaimed, "Dear me, you smell just like that horrid courthouse!" Pretty soon after a certain member of the bar went before the board of commissioners and what he said the women know not, but the command went forth from the board that day that the old order must change, giving place to new.

And the best part of the story is that nobody suspects the club women of having anything to do with it.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT DEPARTMENT REPORT.—It is with pleasure that I address my report to our Federation meeting, and to the Goldsboro Woman's Club, known for its large membership and its accomplished work, as well as for being one of the first organized Women's Clubs in North Carolina.

The object of this department is to encourage the improvement of the condition of our cities and towns in any way possible, with an eye to beauty, comfort, pleasure of living, the general good health of their citizens.

Last spring Hon. Theodore Klutty sent, at my request, to the President of each Federated Club a large package containing fifteen envelopes of flower seeds, also several large ones of grass seed and a parcel of rare shrubs or small trees from the U. S. Government Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington, D. C. These supplies provided suitable material for distribution and experiment and interested many. Some were faithful to their trusts and reaped a good harvest of beautiful flowers—others were moderately successful and some efforts failed. Several sets of the shrubs are flourishing, and with care will grow to maturity.

The Women's Club of Charlotte placed their supplies out at the grounds of Louise mill section; have promised a May Day planting, when Senator Overman sends the special supplies. The Carnegie Library and U. S. Mint of Charlotte also utilized the seeds.

In Winston-Salem, our honored president had the seeds and shrubs distributed to the school children, who doubtless vied with one another for good results in cultivating the sprouts. In Statesville the hospital nurses and superintendent of graded school were given vines, grass and flower seeds, and the shrubs will be transplanted to the beautiful grounds and garden of our graded school. One church was given seed for lawn. In Greensboro, Henderson and other towns a start has been made, as well as in Concord, where the supplies were well utilized, and Mrs. Robert E. Gibson is to organize a Village Improvement Department soon, and the citizens already have planted some fine trees on the main street in Concord, and are ready to beautify the Court House grounds.

Early this spring packages of bulbs, tube roses, tulips and other varieties and seeds also were sent all the Presidents of Clubs by Senators Overman and Simmons, until their supply was exhausted.

In Charlotte, a rather amusing experience was had by a lady who cultivated two large flower beds from the seeds sent, which were a delight to her eye early last summer, when, in repairing the house the painters came to work and spilled a large can of paint over the bright blossoms of one bed, and the bricklayers hurled brickbats very generously into the other, of course, crushing her hopes down with the plants.

In hoping to aid in bettering the condition of our factory element many pamphlets were obtained and distributed on the subject of the evil of Child Labor; also souvenirs of the Peace Congress. An effort has also been made to increase the interest and knowledge of prevention of consumption and its spread. Package of pamphlets written by Dr. Lewis, of Raleigh, and published by the State Board of Health, also some on diphtheria, etc., and the extermination of mosquitoes, have been obtained, and we hope each delegate will see that they are read before her Club upon returning home. Dr. Lewis has expressed himself as being much pleased that we are interested in these important subjects relative to good health.

Town Improvement in Statesville has for its main object the purchase of a lot for a site for the Carnegie Library Building.

It has been my pleasure to obtain \$250.00 in subscriptions towards this fund, and many more have been promised, but being busy recently I have been unable to yet make the rounds. Other ladies will aid. We hope to raise the required amount soon.

EDITH F. ANSLEY,

Chairman Village Improvement, N. C. Fed.  
Statesville, N. C.

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#### FLORIDA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

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Address all communications for Florida to Mrs. J. H. Reese, 430 Cedar Street, Jacksonville, Manager.

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President—Mrs. Richard F. Adams, Palatka.  
Recording Secretary—Miss Kathryn Thorp, Daytona.  
Corresponding Secretary—Miss May J. Crosby, San Mateo.  
(21 Clubs—800 Members.)



## GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

President—Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, 1550 Sherman Ave., Denver, Col.  
 Cor. Sec.—Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim, 31 Meeting St., Charleston, S. C.  
 (Up-to-date notes.)

THE President's itinerary for November is as follows:  
 Nov. 1-2, Binghamton, New York; Nov. 7-10, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Nov. 14-17, Indian Territory; Nov. 20-25, Atlanta, Georgia.

## United Daughters of the Confederacy.

President—Mrs. A. T. Smythe, 31 Legare St., Charleston, S. C.  
 Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. V. F. McSherry, Martinsburg, West Virginia.

(UP-TO-DATE NOTES.)

## Florida Division.

To the Editor of the Keystone:

The Chairman of the Florida Keystone Committee is honored in forwarding the above resolutions to your valuable paper, as they are from two of our most capable and energetic Daughters. Mrs. J. W. Tench's usefulness is along a wide path, bounded only by the needs and welfare of the organization. May Heaven spare her to us for many years to come.

Mrs. R. C. Cooley's fame as a ready and fearless parliamentarian is accepted everywhere; her zeal and abilities have won her the highest offices in the gift of her State. Anything from these earnest women is deserving of consideration.

Yours truly,

MRS. M. E. DREW.

THE FOLLOWING resolution was introduced by Mrs. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, seconded by Mrs. R. C. Cooley, of Jacksonville, and unanimously adopted by the Florida Division U. D. C. in convention assembled in the city of Pensacola, May 3rd, 1905:

WHEREAS, to Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., by reason of her untiring energy, sweet patriotism and loving devotion to the memories of the "Lost Cause," is due the credit for having organized the first chapter in this State of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and later the Florida State Division, and

WHEREAS, Mrs. Raines having suggested and perfected the design for the organization pin, thus placing the Florida Division, as well as the entire organization of the U. D. C., under obligations to her; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the Florida Division in convention assembled in 1905, take this method to express and place upon record their high appreciation of her invaluable services.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be mailed to Mrs. Raines, expressive of our grateful thanks, our earnest good wishes and a most affectionate greeting from this convention.

LOUISIANA DIVISION has the inestimable advantage of counting among its most active members, a chapter, the "Joanna Waddill" in Baton Rouge, the State Capital, whose work almost since its organization has been the establishment and maintenance of a Public Library.

Among the chief attractions to the Veterans and U. D. C. is the list of works on Confederate history, poetry, fiction. The "Historian" of the Division has access to these shelves, and at her recommendation volumes are procured for the Library.

The "Historian's" duties in Louisiana Division are not only the usual ones of her office, but she collects and keeps on hand copies of addresses prepared by Confederate Speakers, for battle and other anniversaries, biographies, essays, poems and music, and is therefore able to assist the Chapters in making up their programs.

Upon securing an address, for instance on the "battle of Shiloh," the Chapter for which it was prepared sends a copy to the Historian, who is then prepared when other Chapters wish to celebrate April 6, which is one of the days upon which Crosses are bestowed in Louisiana.

From time to time she prepares for the official organ of the U. D. C. in Louisiana, the "Baton Rouge Weekly Truth," a list of such books, papers, and music as she has in hand. The historian is Mrs. J. A. Caruthers, Baton Rouge, La.—(MRS. D. A. S. VAUGHT, President La. Div. U. D. C., New Orleans, La.)

A POSTER OF CAPTURED CONFEDERATE BATTLE flags and a booklet containing autographs of prominent men of the Southern Confederacy, together with reprints of some Confederate historical documents are very attractive souvenirs, being sent out by the passenger department of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

THE TEXAS DIVISION U. D. C. will hold its annual convention in December in Waco.

MISS DECCA LAMAR WEST, the Editor of the U. D. C. department in the Waco *Times-Herald*, read a poem at the Literary Evening of the State Convention, Texas Division U. D. C., December, 1905, called, "We Would Not If We Could Forget," (air Maryland, My Maryland), which is now printed and offered for sale for the benefit of the fund to build "A Home for Indigent Wives and Widows of Confederate Soldiers," which is at present the special work of the Texas Division. Price 5 cts. per copy, 50 cts. per dozen.

## RECIPROCITY BUREAU.

(The Reciprocity Bureau acknowledges the receipt of the following Year Books and programs, any of which will be sent to Clubs on application, when accompanied by postage for mailing the same.)

*George Eliot As a Realist.*—Paper by Mrs. William Munro, Charleston, S. C.

*The Reform of Uncivil Service.*—By Miss R. Marion Bryan, Charleston, S. C.

*The History of Ireland.*—By Mrs. Felix Prendergast, Charleston, S. C.

*Is a Love Story Indispensable to a Novel?*—Paper by Mrs. J. P. K. Bryan, Charleston, S. C.

*Social and Industrial Problems in America.*—The Century Club, Charleston, S. C.; Year Book and Program, 1905-06.

*List of Outlines in the Bureau of Information* of the G. F. W. C., July 15th, 1905.

*A Catechism on Home Economics.*

*Reciprocity List of North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs*, filed by Mrs. G. W. Whitsett, Chairman Reciprocity Department N. C. F. W. C.

*The Old South and the New.*—Paper by the late Mrs. W. F. Harding read before the N. C. Federation of Women's Clubs at Goldsboro, N. C.

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### The Leaves of Destiny.

BY FOUR OF US.

"Safe hid from human eye  
In shady leaves of destiny,"  
—Crashaw.

(The following story was written by four members of the Century Club, Charleston, S. C., each one writing a chapter in turn and on the afternoon of the reading of the story before the club each member of the club was required to vote as to which author wrote which chapter. It was an amusing exercise, and it is interesting to note that very few guesses were correct in all four chapters.)

#### CHAPTER I.

"Well, my dear, I am sure it will all turn out well, now; and I am looking forward to the prospect of Anne's return with much comfort and pleasure."

Colonel Arthur knitted his heavy white brows a trifle as he spoke, and glanced at his eighteen-year-old daughter, who sitting on the steps of the veranda at his feet, was engaged in idly arranging the scattered blossoms she had just pulled from a near-by rose bush.

Virginia laughed, and looked mischievously at her aunt, who sitting stiffly in the straight-backed chair directly opposite the Colonel's, only paused in her knitting long enough to tighten her lips a trifle and look somewhat severely at her pretty niece.

"You know well enough, Brother John, my opinion of the matter," remarked the lady in a tone of much decision. "It is a most unfortunate way, I cannot help thinking, in which you have educated her, and allowed her all her life to do as she pleased. It was not enough that she should go to school in the city, and graduate at Miss Henrietta Harvey's, like any other young lady; but what must she do at her first ball but meet that very advanced Mrs. Fitz-Albert, and be persuaded to join her Metropolitan Improvement Club the very next day! After that first meeting, you remember, Anne was simply impossible. She canceled all other engagements, because someone at the Metropolitan Club, had asked her to join the Ladies' Benevolent League and the Free Kindergarten Association, which met that same afternoon. Of course, she was already a member of the Harvey Alumnae, but that was rather unavoidable, and I raised no objection. But the worst thing of all was her joining that dreadful literary club, and of course as soon as she told me they had put her on its Program Committee, I knew it was all over, and she would never have time for anything else. Her first season, too!"

Colonel Arthur sighed deeply, and laid his hand tenderly on Virginia's dark head, as it leaned against his knee.

"I know, Jane, you thought it strange of me; but I thought I was acting for the best. I have only Anne and Virginia to live for now, and their happiness is my one idea. Anne was a good girl, and a loving daughter to me; if, when her school days were over, she found her pleasure in other things, why should I insist upon her doing as we might have preferred her to do? Anyway, we still have this little butterfly, who will represent us in the giddy whirl next year; though I cannot but agree with you, sister Jane, in sometimes wishing that there were two of them."

It was indeed as the Colonel had said,—the happiness of his daughters was his only thought. As he sat there in the summer twilight, looking silently, now into the deepening shadows, he could not help thinking how different things might have been. Seventeen years ago it was, he reflected that he had gone on that fateful voyage to the North with his wife and their three children,—Virginia, then a baby in her nurse's arms, little Anne, and John, the

only son, a year or two older. A cry of fire one night had roused the passengers to save their lives, and in the terror and confusion of gaining the life-boats, Mrs. Arthur and her boy were separated from the others, and never seen again. All subsequent efforts to learn their fate were unavailing, and Colonel Arthur would indeed have been a broken-hearted man, had it not been for the two little daughters to whom he was determined to be both father and mother. They grew up in their home in a Southern city, with annual visits to the old plantation homestead not far away, under the care of Miss Jane, the Colonel's sister, and a most devoted guardian. All went well until the summer of Anne's graduation, when, as her aunt bewailed, the girl had developed a strong inclination to continue her intellectual life, and enter into many new interests which her father and aunt, brought up under a more conservative regime, regarded neither necessary nor advisable. The Colonel, however, with his usual indulgence, placed no stumbling blocks in her way, but gracefully accepting the inevitable, paid her club dues and guild fees without a murmur, and the following autumn, in spite of piteous expostulation from his sister sent her off to the college of her choice. Reports of her progress and success filled him with a certain pride, while he tried to console himself for her loss by watching the ease and manifest enjoyment with which dainty little Virginia was preparing to take her place in the social world which he had hoped would be the sphere of both of them. Well, it would soon be over—Anne's final graduation was but a few day's off; she would be back with him again, and he would be prepared to be proud of his clever daughter as well as of his pretty one.

Such was his state of mind this evening, when, as this chapter opens, he took from a servant the evening's mail, and tore the envelope of Anne's weekly letter.

"Dear old Daddy,"—(Wrote Anne,)—

"You have been so good to me all my life, I know you will rejoice when I tell you a piece of news that will make you, as it has made me, very, very happy. I am going to be married; Daddy, to Professor Herbert Ralston Rutherford,—Dr. Rutherford, he is,—of Yale University. He is going abroad this summer on a sort of professional trip to study monuments and hieroglyphics and things (that is his specialty, you know,) in Egypt and Persia and all about, and he wants to be married in time to take me with him. His steamer sails on the 30th of June, so you see we shall have to be in something of a hurry. Of course, I want him to see you, Daddy dear, and Virginia, and Aunt Jane, and the old home, and everything, and anyway I want to be married there, in the old place, "Jessamine," I mean. Now, Daddy, you see. I have it all planned, so you just have nothing at all to do, dear, but carry it out. Of course, Virginia will be my maid of honor, but I am going to bring the rest of the bridal party with me, if you don't mind—and it will be such a frolic for us at the old place, and so simply dear to have you all together at my wedding,—you precious home people and these college friends of mine, whom I have grown so fond of, in these last four years you were so good to give me, Daddy—how can I ever thank you enough? And I am determined to come to the plantation, so please don't suggest the town house, as that won't do at all—and don't bring up that tiresome old objection about the country's being unhealthful in summer, for you know that is all nonsense. The place has been thoroughly drained, you told me, and anyhow, it has been proved that



malaria is only caused by mosquitoes, so that fever story is all imagination.

"Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you about the girls I am going to bring. There is my room-mate, Priscilla Primrose, whom I am quite wild for you all to meet. Priscilla is from Boston, of course, one of the real Mayflower Primroses,—and by the way, Daddy, I am sure you were not in earnest about some of the old prejudices you used to have about people outside our own State. Then I have asked Helena Hunt, another of my very particular friends. She is from Butte, Montana, and I know you'll like her when you get a little used to her. Of course, she is a trifle Western and rather different from the girls you've been accustomed to, but you will soon like her immensely, I am sure. Then there is Margaret Miller, from New York, and I think that is all. Oh, yes, and have some rooms ready for Dr. Rutherford's friends; he is going to bring a few with him, I don't know just whom, but there won't be more than three, I'm sure.

"Dr. Rutherford is writing to you by this mail. He was a little opposed to some of my plans,—in fact he showed a good deal of hesitation about the house party idea, and said he would prefer to come on and see you first and ask your permission about it all, before we settled anything; but I told him there wasn't a particle of use, you were sure to do just what I wanted anyway, and would want me just to suit myself, so we could go right ahead and act for you.—So I have asked them all, Daddy, and they are simply charmed, and have all accepted *con amore*—and we are coming in Margaret Miller's father's private car, which Mr. Miller has offered us for the occasion; you know he has lots of money, and is a director of the road. So all you have to do, dear, is to run up to "Jessamine" with Aunt Jane and Virginia, and have everything ready for us. We'll be down on the 25th, on the 5.34 evening train, and you can just have the carriages ready at the crossing, at the foot of the avenue, as the "Phoebe"—that's our car—will be detached there. Do tell Aunt Jane to have everything as nice as possible, though it's hardly necessary to tell her that and we will have a splendid old June house-party up at "Jessamine" that will beat the Christmas frolics there all to pieces! Oh, I am so happy, Daddy, I can hardly wait to see you! Give my dearest love to Aunt Jane and Virginia and remember that with all my heart I am always your devoted daughter,

"ANNE."

"P. S.—Do tell Aunt Jane to have Madame Rene make me some dresses, and whatever she thinks I'll need. I'll leave it all to them."

When Colonel Arthur had finished reading this remarkable communication, in a voice which trembled and gasped more and more towards the end, a silence ensued which could be compared only to that which is supposed to follow the traditional bombshell.

The tension was broken at last when Virginia, with a low laugh, snapped a twig of the rose in her hand.

"Well, Daddy?" she said slowly, with a light interrogation in her tone, "sounds rather like Anne, doesn't it? And—what is more to the point—what are you going to do about it?"

Colonel Arthur was spared the necessity of an immediate answer to this rather puzzling question, by the interruption of his sister. Miss Jane had listened to the letter as if rooted to the spot, and could hardly catch sufficient breath to make a remark upon it.

"Going to be married, brother John!" she finally managed to ejaculate. "Is that what Anne says—that she is going to be *married*?"

"Yes, sister Jane," admitted the Colonel, who had grasped one point at least in this wholly bewildering letter; "yes, that is certainly what she says."

"It is rather sudden, is it not, Aunt Jane?" said Virginia, who persisted in speaking calmly, though a note of mischief crept into her voice as she addressed her indignant relation. "It is the 25th she mentioned as the day of her arrival is it not? and the wedding cannot be later than the 28th if they are to sail on the 30th. I believe to-day is the 20th. Oh, here is Dick," she interrupted herself, as a broad-shouldered young fellow came up the path, and speaking deferentially to the elder people, seated himself on the steps beside her with an easy, familiar air of proprietorship. "Let us tell him all about it. Dick, you have arrived at what Anne would call a most interesting psychological moment."

The situation was accordingly explained to the young visitor, and in the explanation the Colonel managed to accustom himself to the idea sufficiently at least to discuss it.

"But did I understand you to say, brother John," continued Miss Jane, in a voice still full of cold horror, "that Anne expects us to go—and receive and entertain those guests—on the *plantation*, on the 30th of June?"

"That is the statement of her wishes, sister Jane."

"It is madness, brother John—sheer madness!"

"It is," agreed the Colonel, with prompt conviction. "There is no doubt whatever about that. And if it were anybody but Anne, my dear Jane, I should most certainly forbid it."

"But as it is Anne," remarked Miss Arthur, in a voice expressing mingled sarcasm and indignation, "you will do exactly as she wishes—you will go up to that pestilential swamp in the midst of summer, you will risk our health and our comfort, if not our lives, in a hair-brained attempt to countenance her folly; you will put yourself to endless trouble, expense, and annoyance, to entertain a company of people whom we have never seen, and most of whom, I say frankly, I never wish to see—all to please a child who is throwing to the winds all feelings of filial affection, I may even say of ordinary consideration in marrying in this most extraordinary manner a man whom she has chosen without thought of consulting you!"

What thoughts were passing through the mind of the old gentleman, and how thoroughly he agreed with the larger portion of this discourse, it would be impossible to determine; but he glanced down into his other daughter's face, into the eyes of Anne and her dead mother.

"Yes," he said, very quietly; "that is just what I mean to do."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a moment's pause, then Miss Arthur rose.

"Won't you come in with us, Dick?" she said cordially, in a voice which betrayed not a trace of her former tone, as if the subject had been dropped completely. "Tea is quite ready. Brother John, will you and Virginia come?"

The Colonel rose, and supported himself a trifle on one side by touching the shoulder of the young man, while with the other arm he drew his daughter to his side.

"Yes, Daddy," she murmured caressingly, with her round arm about his neck, and a soft little cheek, the color of the wild rose in her dark hair, pressed against him. "We



would better fortify ourselves. Eight days to open up 'Jessamine'—clean the house—and prepare for a wedding! Eight days to get ready to entertain an heiress from New York, a Puritan maiden and a daughter of the wild West none of which you are particularly fond of, poor Daddy!—and various gentlemen whose names you do not know, but whose number, as Anne kindly informs us, will not be more than three!—Eight days"—she gasped out suddenly, as the final enormity dawned upon her—eight days, Aunt Jane, in which to prepare a trousseau!—Dick, don't you think that a college education must give one a great deal of——, well, let us say, poise?"

"Yes, that is just it!" summarized Aunt Jane, piteously, as she seated herself at the head of the table and gazed over the silver service at her dejected brother. "What *can* you expect of a girl with a higher education?"

#### PART II.

The sun, with his usual disregard for the bewildering complications of poor human life, had continued to rise and set as calmly as if the Arthur family had not been shaken to its very foundations by the astounding arrangements of the self-reliant Anne, and the morning of the 25th of June found them all assembled at Jessamine, together with sundry friends and relatives who had been hastily bidden for the occasion. The arrival of Dr. Rutherford's letter in the next mail to Anne's, together with one from the uncle whose house had been her home during her college career had done much to pacify and reassure her perturbed family. Dr. Rutherford wrote a manly and straightforward letter, giving such details as to his family connections and circumstances as had been perfectly satisfactory and the uncle could not say enough in praise of the character of the man to whom his niece had promised herself. The engagement had come about after only two month's acquaintance, a fact not at all surprising to those who knew Anne's impetuous nature, and perfect indifference to anyone's opinion save her own. As, however, she seemed in this case to have made a wise choice, the entire family roused itself for the occasion. Telegrams flew in every direction, Aunt Jane and Virginia worked like beavers, in spite of the ominous forebodings of the former, and when the eventful 25th arrived all the arrangements were completed, and the old plantation house, decked in festive array "from turret to foundation stone," flung open its doors and windows and waited the arrival of the bridal party. The shadows of the live-oaks were lengthening on the lawn, as Virginia came out on the broad veranda and settled herself to wait until the distant whistle of the approaching train should warn her that the expected guests would shortly appear. She made a very pretty picture as she sat in her vine-covered nook, and Dick St. John, seeing her as he came riding up the avenue, thought no man need ever wish to see a fairer at his own hearthstone—but Dick had thought that ever since he and Virginia, neighbor's children and distant connections, had played their happy childhood away together. Dick loved Virginia with a very honest, manly love, and told her of it on an average of once every three months. Colonel Arthur depended on Dick in all things, as if he were indeed a son of the house, and there was a tacit understanding in both families that some day the two were to be married after Virginia had made her bow to society. But Virginia herself troubled her pretty little head very slightly on the question of matrimony. She looked to Dick for companionship and support in all her affairs, and would have felt herself lost without his constant society,

but farther than that she never analyzed her feelings. Now as she sat on the veranda watching his arrival, her thoughts were all on her sister and the approaching marriage. Anne and Virginia were very different in their characters. Anne had been a self-willed, self-reliant child, with a passionate temper. Whatever she wanted she wanted intensely for the time being, then wearied of, and turned carelessly from it to seek new fields for her superabundant energy. It was the knowledge of this, so different from her own less intense but more steadfast nature, that brought a shade of anxiety to Virginia's usually merry eyes, for she was wondering to herself if Anne really loved this man—she had promised to marry, or whether it was one of her sudden fancies of which she would repent when it was once an accomplished fact.

"A penny for your thoughts, fair lady!" said Dick, as he dismounted and gave his horse to a boy to hold in the shade. "Are you trying to make up your mind for the hundredth and last time what the happy bridegroom will be like?"

"He must be young and handsome to have taken Anne's fancy so by storm," replied Virginia, smiling, "for you know she never was willing to look at any man over thirty, and even the fact of his wealth, which Uncle Charlie writes of, would not have helped him if he had thrown age into the opposite balance. It is queer, though, that not one of them has ever mentioned his exact age,—but why do you smile like that, Dick?"

"I was thinking," replied Dick, "that Anne being what we all know her to be, no mortal man can reckon with security on which way her fancy may have jumped. For all we know Dr. Rutherford may be ——, but who is this?" he interrupted himself, as round the corner of the house appeared the figure of a young man in riding costume, followed by a darkey leading his horse. The stranger stopped at the foot of the steps, and lifting his hat, said courteously:

"Pardon me, but have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Arthur?"

"I am Miss Virginia Arthur," replied the girl, rising. "My sister will be home within the next hour, we hope."

"I fear then, that I must be the first arrival of the wedding-party," said the unknown with a smile that lighted most attractively his handsome features. "I had not expected to fling myself on Col. Arthur's hospitality without anyone being here before me to vouch for me, but I have been engineering up country and when I received the news from my father that I was expected to be here at the wedding, it was easiest for me to come on horseback across country, though I certainly counted on his being here before me. I am Sydney Rutherford, Dr. Rutherford's adopted son." And then, at the irrepressible start and glance which Virginia and Dick gave each other, he added somewhat ruefully:

"I am afraid you were not even warned of my arrival!"

"My sister's letter have been so hurriedly written that she has quite omitted giving us the names of our gentlemen guests," replied Virginia with a blush of confusion, "but we are prepared to take care of you all, and are very glad to see you, Mr. Rutherford. If you will come in, I will call my father and have you shown to your room, so that you may be ready to welcome your friends on their arrival"—and pausing only long enough in the shady drawing-room to introduce the two young men to each other, Virginia flitted away in a state of the wildest excitement to find her father.



"Eh! what's that? what's that?" said Colonel Arthur when Virginia had imparted to him her astonishing news. "Dr. Rutherford's *adopted son*, you say! Why what the Dickens does this mean? Is Anne marrying her *grand-father*?" But whatever Col. Arthur's feelings were, his manner expressed nothing but the courtesy of the perfect Southern gentleman as he entered his drawing-room and uttered a few words of cordial greeting to his most unexpected guest. As Sydney Rutherford rose with a smile to answer him, however, the Colonel's expression changed. A shade of bewilderment passed over his face, and a look of astonishment, almost of terror, came in his eyes. He controlled himself immediately, however, though not so quickly but that all three had noticed his confusion, and led his guest away to rest and refresh himself after his journey.

"Well, here is a jolly go!" said Dick, as Virginia, having flown to acquaint Aunt Jane of this most unexpected development, thereby reducing the worthy lady to a state of speechless horror, turned to the veranda where various aunts and cousins were by this time assembled. "The plot thickens, as you may say! First we look for a youthful bridegroom, and we are introduced to his adopted son who is very nearly the age we imagined the lover to be! Then, no sooner have you left the room than the youth asks me of whom we expect the bridal party to consist. When I mention that we are confidently expecting to be edified by the presence of Miss Primrose of Boston, he lifts his eyebrows and sweetly murmurs: 'Exactly so! my fiancée,'—and where, having paused to digest this fact I go on to mention that we are to be farther blessed by the society of Miss Hunt of Montana, he gives a gasp and a galvanic start, and growing deathly white, exclaims: 'Helena! Helena *here*! and they never warned me!' and then pulls himself together, and turns to greet your father as if nothing at all had happened, and then when your father sees the stranger, what must he do but jump as if he were shot! I say, Virginia, do you happen to know if we are real folks, or only in a story?"

"We can't stop to find out now, anyway," replied Virginia a little wistfully, as she stepped from the door, "for there is the whistle, and they will be here in no time, now." And putting aside her anxious thoughts the girl went out among her guests, while Dick, mounting his horse galloped off to the little way-station to welcome the arrivals and escort them to the house. As the first carriage became visible at the farther end of the long avenue, Colonel Arthur and young Rutherford came out of the house—both of them looked disturbed and agitated, but the eyes of the younger man were fixed eagerly on the approaching carriage, as if he longed, yet dreaded to recognize the occupants, while Col. Arthur walked like a man in a dream. Virginia, her heart beating heavily with excitement and suspense, turned to go to her father's side, but stopped in terror as she beheld him—Colonel Arthur, white as ashes, was leaning heavily on the railing just behind Sydney Rutherford, his eyes fixed on the young man's hand as it rested on the balustrade. On the third finger shone a magnificent ruby in a curiously carved setting. It was this ring which had so powerfully affected Colonel Arthur, and as Virginia, too startled to speak, started towards him, she saw him put his hand heavily on his stranger guest's shoulder. "Young man," she heard him ask in an agonized whisper, "tell me, where—did—you—get—that—ring?"

"It was my mother's, sir," answered Sydney Rutherford, respectfully. (To be continued.)

## A Tribute to Women's Clubs.

CHICAGO, April 28, 1905.

DEAR UNITY:—

In connection with the editorial upon women's clubs may I call attention to the fact not generally understood that the larger share of the local civic study clubs and improvement associations in which men and women share the privileges of social activities in their immediate environment are brought into being through the efforts of the club women. In some cases individual club members become interested and broadened in their conception of civic duty so that they go out into the highways and verily compel the men to unite with them in some effort for the common good. In other instances a carefully planned campaign conducted by a department or committee of the club will result in a well organized associated effort of men and women. An almost universal subject of discussion among the clubs of to-day is "how to get the men interested" in the work they realize cannot be fully carried out by the women working alone.

The article by Ex-President Cleveland and the earlier editorial critique appearing in the same magazine both evidence a lack of acquaintance with the methods and spirit of the greater number of modern clubs—the criticisms are so definite and positive as to make the evidences of a real ignorance practically inexcusable.

It may be urged that these and similar criticisms are apparently founded on the idea that the women's "club" corresponds largely in aims and methods with the "club" of the husband. This is an unfortunate misapprehension, due partly to the "funny man," who knows not or cares not to know the truth. The greater number of the "women's clubs" are altruistic and community serving in many of their activities, while much the smallest proportion of the men's "clubs" are interested in other than the personal pleasure of its membership. Another phase of the misapprehension is suggested in the article by the ex-president: that all or most clubs are devoted to "women's rights," or at least to her "emancipation" from something or other. Even Dr. Josiah Strong has fallen into the same pit of lack of knowledge, for in the 1905 edition of *Social Progress* under the heading of "Women's Suffrage," in connection with several national "suffrage" organizations he mentions the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Probably many clubs and still more of the club members are active in the suffrage movement but certainly the Federation has taken no part in it. The Federation has not even a committee or other official recognition of "rights" possessed or desired.

I am one of those who believe that the Church might and should have its stamp on much that is done for the betterment of the community. Unfortunately too few pastors and lay workers appreciate this broad possibility, in fact, the usual attitude is one of fear—fear that "home missions" touching clean streets, better back yards, broader educational opportunities and other immediate neighborhood needs will detract from the routine demands of the local church administration. But we may well believe that "Jerusalem" is in the home and the vital interests of the home even before many of the worthy activities of the church further down the street.

The critics of the club, or better, those who wish to utilize the club idea and the social spirit as expressed by many



of the clubs can do no less than to actually study the situation and withhold criticisms and plans until an open mind and careful investigation have afforded reasonable grounds for a judgment.

Please understand that this is not a defense of the club, nor is it a criticism of the Church, but rather a plea for a broad, sympathetic, and absorbing study of the club movement of the better sort among the men and women of to-day.

If some of the above ideas should find place in your columns at any time I would be glad to give attention to any correspondence which might result from the publication.

Very truly yours,

E. G. ROUTZAHN,  
Secretary Bureau of Civic Co-operation.

The following partial extracts from article in "Unity" will suggest reasons for certain statements made above:

Certainly, Mrs. Lucinda Stone, of Kalamazoo, Mich., the accredited "mother of women's clubs," did start a movement of great significance, a movement that has resulted in many lives and communities almost to a social revolution; a movement that has put women in possession of their own powers to a remarkable extent, but, like all fractional and provisional things, it is self-limiting. We see a menace in the women's club movement of quite another character than that emphasized by ex-president Cleveland. It menaces society more than the home when it perfects such elaborate and far-reaching sex organization which confessedly and intentionally excludes the other sex. \* \* \* But in view of the grave dangers, it ill becomes either sex to justify their exclusiveness by the plea of "Your're another." \* \* \* There is no organized interests in the community against which, consciously or unconsciously, the women's clubs militate so effectually as against the church. \* \* \* Back of this estrangement from the church on the part of the club women who unquestionably represent the better educated, more favored, more gifted women of society, lies the sorry fact that the church fails in so many instances to satisfy either the intellectual, ethical or spiritual longings of these women. In many directions the club has educated them beyond the present status of the church. The real question then is, Is the club to permanently supplant the church in their lives, or are the women, educated by the club to realize the limitations of the club and to discover the fundamental verities and the lasting need of the church, to return to the fold, help, redeem and restore it as the great social as well as ethical conservator of society, the larger home, the true social club, where husbands, sons and small daughters find common ground and communion in the interest of the higher things? The last word has not yet been spoken concerning women's clubs; the last work has not been done, and all the dangers have not been foreseen.—*Unity*, Chicago, April 27, '05, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, editor.

"CHILDREN OF THE CLIFF," by Belle Wiley and Grace W. Edick, is one of the most attractive books for children that has been published in a long time. As the name indicates, this is the story of two little Cliff Dwellers. The author tells in simple, interesting language about the customs and habits of the Cliff Dwellers, in a style that readily appeals to children. The book is only 81 pages; the type is large and clear, and the numerous illustrations of tools, utensils, and dwellings make the volume instructive as well as entertaining. The book could well be used as a supplementary reader in primary grades (Cloth, 30 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.)

## An American Girl's Impressions of an Audience with Pope Pius X.

(Written for the Keystone.)

WHEN we first arrived in Rome I tried to get a permit to see the Borgia apartments in the Vatican, which are now only shown to a few because they are occupied by the Secretary of State to the Pope. It just happened that my only pull was through the Government, and as it and the Papacy are at loggerheads, it was no pull at all. We had set our departure for Friday morning when on Thursday morning came our permit for the Borgia rooms for Friday afternoon. We groaned but said it wasn't worth while to wait over. However, Thursday night came a card for an audience with the "Holy Father," as he is universally called in Rome, for Friday afternoon, and we decided to wait a day for our two plums.

Vatican etiquette is black dress, black veil (no hat), and no gloves, so we dressed in borrowed plumage, (which fitted very well), and off we started to the Vatican. The Borgia Apartments are gems, and I would not have missed them for anything. There are only four that can be seen, and the first is fine, but nothing wonderful. The other three are frescoed by Pinturicchio in the most glorious soft colors imaginable. I suppose it is heresy to say so but I like them far better than the Raphael Stanza or Loggia. The first room was evidently used by the Secretary and had only a desk in it. The second had a long table with seats and writing materials for eight or ten people, one or two tapestries and a picture of Pius X on the walls. The third had a group of chairs arranged in one corner, evidently for some conclave of Cardinals, a long rug on one side and in the center of it an arm chair facing the wall, used as a throne when the Pope is there. Two marble pillars and a few large ornaments were the only extra furnishings, but the room was quite filled with the frescoes and needed nothing more. After leaving there we went to another entrance, (used by the Cardinals), up a long handsome flight of steps and passed several Swiss guards in their red, yellow and black costumes designed by Michael Angelo (and resembling the fool's apparel in Shakespeare's plays), who stalk around with villainous looking old-time halberds. At the top of the stairs was a new kind of a flunky not seen below. He was dressed in the cut of a century since and his clothes were made of crimson silk and plush furniture covering. He and several of his brethren are the ones who bear the Papal chair in procession through St. Peters. We were ushered into a long corridor to leave our wraps and then into an immense room like a court with marble floors, frescoed walls and ceilings and benches lining the walls. Here we sat kicking our heels and waited. Opposite us sat about thirty young girls in white from top to toe (first communion) with two Sisters standing guard.

Other veiled women in black sat around and the sprinkling of men had on dress suits (4.30 p. m.) Others came in and some were seated where we were while some were at once sent to an inner room carpeted in green, which we wanted to go into but weren't allowed. Then all the party in white were ushered into some unknown room and swallowed up. At last one of the crimson men liked us enough to admit us to the inner sanctum and we entered the room with the green carpet. It was immense, also lined with chairs (just matched the Chamberlains outside and the satin tapestry on the walls), and about one hundred people,



robed in black, sat around us as dolefully as at a funeral. At one end of the room was a covered altar, at the other an immense crucifix with a large gilded kneeling figure of a woman, and on the long wall were three immense pictures, black with age. We sat along the window wall opposite, and had a good view of everything. The doors were covered with magenta that swore at the crimson, and there were two scarlet covers in the room that swore at both the other colors. The veils on the women were arranged in all styles and at all angles to suit old and young, long and round faces, to let in air or keep it out. Some women had on evening gowns and some crepe and some were Sisters of Charity. Most everybody had at least one rosary, and one woman must have had a dozen on her arm. One couple must have kept a shop, for "*articles de piété*," for they were absorbed in tying a big handkerchief full of leaflets, books and rosaries so that nothing would fall out but to leave an opening large enough for the blessing to enter. One woman had tied around her neck the pictures of all her family.

The suspense became great. I noticed the carpet was sadly in need of a broom, and I was crazy to laugh out loud. Finally a man in a dress suit came in, made us all stand up and form in a circle; then we all knelt and in came a lovely looking old man, attended by two in black and crimson and one in crimson. The Pope was robed in a white gown with a wide white belt embroidered at the ends with gold crosses. He had a large emerald cross hung from his neck on a heavy gold chain and wore a white cap. His red slippers were embroidered with gold crosses. He passed along the line, giving his hand to each in turn and we all kissed his ring. As he came to Flossie, she asked in Italian for a special blessing for a friend at home and he said

"*securò*" with the kindest little smile. His face is lovable. One woman near me sobbed as she kissed his ring. Twice he was stopped for some special blessing and seemed to have quite a long fuss with the woman of the handkerchief. After he had been all around he went to the middle of the room and pronounced a general blessing on all of us, our parents and families, our friends and everything we had with us, (which included my four rosaries), and when he left we all rose and went for our wraps. Our audience was over and we left for Osvieto and Perugia the next morning.

F. K.

Iced chocolate deserves to be better known. Make it as you would any good chocolate. Stir together over the fire four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar with three cupfuls of hot milk and one cupful of hot water, and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt, beat up well with a wire egg-beater, then set aside to become perfectly cold. Serve in tall glasses and with a spoonful of vanilla ice-cream or unsweetened whipped cream on top.—*Woman's Home Companion* for July.

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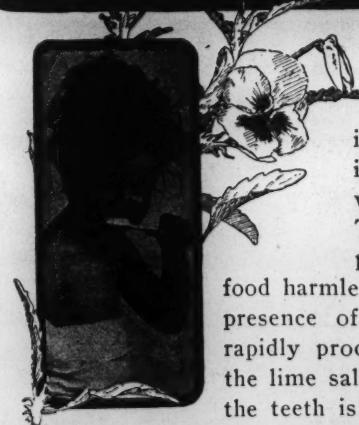
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**Raffles.**

THE plans of Liebler & Co. for Kyrle Bellew next season include a very thorough and complete tour of the South, which will take in practically all the larger cities. The medium will be the Hornung-Presbrey dramatization of the famous Hornung stories, "The Amateur Cracksman" and "Raffles"—the title of the play uniting the two, viz., "Raffles, The Amateur Cracksman." There is a very loud call from London for Mr. Bellew and "Raffles," and there is also a natural anxiety on the part of Liebler & Co. to give Mr. Bellew a new play, for he has now played "Raffles" for two seasons, but either policy would seem very foolish so long as the South remains "virgin territory."

Opening at the Majestic Theatre, Montreal, September 25th, they make a brief tour of cities in the Eastern circuit. After completing the eastern circuit "Raffles" will go to Philadelphia, then to Washington, Brooklyn, and then into the Grand Opera House, New York City, for the weeks of December 11th and 18th—probably the last opportunity New York will have to see Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles."

Then comes the Southern tour, which beginning at Norfolk, Va., December 25th, will then play Charlotte, Columbia, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, Atlanta, Macon, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, for the week of January 7th. Following New Orleans the route will carry the company up to Jackson and Vicksburg, Miss., Shreveport, La., Beaumont, Galveston, Houston, San Antonio, Austin, Waco, Dallas, and Fort Worth, Texas, all single performances with the exception of Dallas, where they are for January 25th and 26th.

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